

MINNIE.

A STORY OF THE LIVERPOOL MEDICAL MISSION.



ONE dreary winter day, among the patients waiting to see the doctor in the Liverpool Medical Mission Dispensary, one of the workers, Mr. Eldredge, noticed a girl of about twelve years of age; and, as he was always on the lookout for new scholars, he went over to her to see if he could not get her to come to the Sunday-school.

On speaking to her mother, who was with her, she told him that Minnie had been ailing for a long time, but that now she had got so much worse she was afraid she was going into a consumption. After talking with Minnie for a little, he won from her a promise to try to come to school, and it was with very great pleasure he welcomed her on the following Sunday to his class of girls.

She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, and sat earnestly listening as he told the story of Jesus, and of His power to save. One Sunday he had gone to the cupboard to get the Bibles, when, on coming back, he saw that Minnie had come into the school, and was surrounded by all the girls in the class, who were eagerly listening to something she was telling them. As he came up, he heard her say—

"I know Jesus has saved me."

On asking what they were talking about, she repeated what she had been telling the girls: that Jesus had saved her, and she knew that her sins were forgiven; and, turning to the girls, she said—

"Won't you come and trust Jesus too?"

During the week she had given her heart to Jesus, and now, with her new-found grace, she was trying to lead others to His loving care.

Dr. Bond had taken a great interest in her case, and under his skillful treatment, we were glad to see her getting so very much better than we began to hope, by God's grace, she would soon be restored to health and strength again.

One cold, foggy Sunday, Minnie was missing from her usual place in the class; but, as the weather was very bad, little notice was taken of her absence. When, on the following Sunday, she was still away, Mr. Eldredge resolved to go to see her the next day; and, before he went, her mother came to the mission to say that Minnie was very ill and wished much to see him. On going to the house he found her lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows. Her face lighted up with pleasure as he entered, and, holding out her thin hand, she said—

"I'm so glad you've come."

In the last few days the disease had made such a great change in her that he stood for

a minute quite shocked to see the poor little wasted figure lying there; and, hardly knowing what to say, he asked—

"Are you not tired of lying there?"

"No," she said, "I am very happy."

"And suppose God should have sent this sickness to take you Home, would you be frightened?"

"Oh, no! He has redeemed me. I am just waiting for Him."

She spoke so eagerly of heaven that he began to talk about the glory of being there—of the streets of gold and gates of pearl, and of the angels, when she stopped him by saying, "When I get up yonder I'll pass all the angels and go right up to Himself" (Jesus). The dear child had learned even a deeper lesson than her teacher. To her the joy of heaven was not its wondrous glory, but the presence of her loving Saviour.

When leaving, he promised to come again very soon, and, on saying good-bye, she added—

"If I don't see you again before He comes to fetch me, I'll meet you up yonder in heaven."

On the day he had promised to call again, Eldredge was delayed by business longer than he expected. Minnie had been very weak all the morning, but got much brighter when it came near the time she expected him to come.

"Mother," she said, "will you go to the door to see whether Mr. Eldredge is coming?" Her mother went to the door two or three times, and as the time passed she said—

"Mother, ask Mr. Eldredge to tell the children that those who seek Jesus early shall find Him. But I have so much to tell him if he were only here."

And then, putting her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her; and laying her little weary head on the pillow, she whispered: "Only a step to Jesus," and quietly fell asleep in His loving arms.

During the last few days of her illness, she had been busy knitting a warm woollen petticoat. Only her mother was in the secret, and after we had laid the little one to sleep in the quiet grave, she brought it to Dr. Bond. It was her little girl's gift to the mission, to be given to some poor girl. In the midst of all her pain and sickness she remembered how cold and wretched some of the children were who came to the Sunday-school, and this was her offering to help them. Not much, yet I think, as our loving Saviour looked down on the gift, that He said, as of one of old—

"She hath done what she could."—*Medical Missions.*

I am not to live to myself; so I should have thought all my life, and every day of my life.